

The Real Question Is

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Summary: My lil headcanon about what Hiccup and Astrid are actually talking about in that scene on the cliff side.

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The great dragon swooped down from the sky in a sharp turn, landing smoothly on the cliff ledge. Astrid dismounted the colorful Stormfly, he was still covered in some paint, and both dragon and rider were extremely happy and giddy looking.

>"Afternoon milady" he smiled brightly at her and got up "where have you been?" he asked. she was a bit late for their meeting.
She gestured happily at toothless who ran to her. the two dragons were also happy to see each other so she left them to their play and walked over to Hiccup.

"Oh, winning races, what else" she said, her voice condescending and happy. She treated her victories as a given, but she was very proud and worked very hard to get them. Like always, she had to be perfect. And she was perfect, in her own way.

"The real question is, where have you been?" she raised a pointed finger at him and sat next to him on the rocky ground. her legs crossed, she leaned on her hands a bit and looked at him, smiling. she knew there was no answer coming from the young man. He never told her where he was going. Hiccup had his secrets, and he would disappear every once in a while. He told them all he was around Berk, just enjoying a flight. some bought the simple idea of him taking to himself. But Astrid and his father knew him better than that - he was doing something. Probably something new and weird, something he didn't have to do, but did anyway. Like everything he ever did. On his behalf, he had Toothless - the dragon was so quick, agile and smart, that Astrid knew he was doing something dangerous or unique. Something she and Stormfly most likely wouldn't just go out and do, without some sort of knowing or training or taking her time. But he

would only be gone for few hours, maybe a day - and then come back. So his father never dwelled too deep into the matter. Berk was so deep in the Meridian of Misery Sea that even Stoik the Vast couldn't think of where his son could be going off to. Perhaps tagging dragons or checking sea levels. His son was odd as far as Vikings go, so any option made sense.

"At home, having another super fun, not-at-all-awkward father and son moment" he said, looking to the sky for help, his body slumped.

"Another one so soon? do tell" she said.

"I wake up, the sun is shining, Terrible Terrors are singing on the rooftop, I saunter down to breakfast thinking all is right with the world and I get... Son, we need to talk!" he imitated his father's deep voice and accent.

He was about to voice his part of the conversation when Astrid cut him off -

"Ach... Not now dad, I got a whole day of goofing off to get started" she said in a high pitched voice and waved her arms around.

Hiccup laughed a bit and gave her an exasperated look "First of all - I don't sound like that"

Astrid just laughed.

"And second, what, are you doing with my shoulders?" he pointed two of his arms on her direction, his back straight. She just giggled more "And yeah, a- a truly flattering impersonation."

"Ah, anyway" he took a deep breath and got into Stoik mode again, his voice lower as he walked around with his chest puffed and arms wide "You're the pride of Berk son, and I couldn't be prouder"

"Ahhh, thanks Dad, I'm pretty impressed with myself too" Astrid answered in her Hiccup voice, moving her arms excessively.

Hiccup laughed whole heartedly but tried to stay cool "when have I ever done that with my hands?" he asked, gesturing to her with both of his hands.

"You just did!" she pointed to him and laughed even more now.

"ya...ahh... Ok, Just -" hiccup was getting nowhere he wanted to go with this explanation of his situation. He leaned down next to her and grabbed her arms to stop her from laughing. "Hold! still" his hands moved from her forearms to her hands. He looked her straight in the eyes, hoping his serious gaze would cease her giggling. "Pretty serious..."

she was still smiling but her giggles subsided as she looked at him.

"Alright, I'm listening"

"Then no more voices?" he asked.

"You started it" she smiled widely again, the laughter bubbling again.

"Ok, no voices" he agreed.

She looked at him, waiting.

"My dad, he want me to take over, his job, the whole chief thing" he sounded exasperated.

"Well, its about time, don't you think?" she smiled. This was old news. He was the chief's son, he would be the next chief. She couldn't see the problem.

"What? no, no, its not time. I have things I need to finish, that me and toothless need to finish, and being chief... It means-"

"Taking care of your village. you'll be great at it" she tried to reassure.

"You, you don't understand..." he let go of her hands now. His gaze shifted down to his lap.

Her hand reached under his chin and lifted his face so he would look at her.

>"Then make me understand" she said.<p>

Hiccup gave her a silly face, raising one eyebrow.

"Hicc, you love Berk, you love our people and they love you. they will listen to you, and you will do a great job like you did so far helping your dad." he let his eyes avert to the side, not to look at her. She moved his face again to shift his gaze to her.

>"But if you have a real reason you don't want to be chief yet - then show me. I'll even help explaining to your dad".

"You probably wont-" he started.

"Show me" she grabbed his hands this time, and looked him in the eyes.

A little crooked smile found his way up to hiccup's face. He closed his eyes and leaned his forehead against hers. There was a long moment of silent.

"Alright" he finally said.

he opened his eyes and looked at her, she was smiling softly and no words needed to be said. He closed his eyes again and leaned in, his lips met hers.

My little head canon about this conversation.

>True, its not as fluffy since he's not talking about baby making or family, but I find this to be more in character.<p>

Let me know what you think! Review and Comment please!

>should I continue this?<p>

Deetz

End
file.